The Student Voice
1946-1947

Worcester State
University

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Acorn

HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume V | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Massachusetts, Monday, December 16, 1946 | Number 1

Todd Lecture Comes to S.T.C.

Mr. Henry Todd, a successful merchant, died in New York City in 1849. His will bequeathed money to establish a series of lectures in Massachusetts Normal Schools. The fund was allowed to accumulate until 1926 when the first of the present series of lectures was given.

The lecturers have been such distinguished ones as Edward Howard Griggs, Albert Bushnell Hart, William Bagley, Heinrich Bruening, the Chancellor of Germany in 1933, Bradford Washburn, and Father Ahern of Weston College.

The lecture on Friday, November 22, was given by Professor John J. Mahoney of Boston University. Professor Mahoney continues the long line of distinguished lecturers. He was graduated from Phillips-Andover Academy and Harvard University. He holds membership in Phi Beta Kappa and has a thorough classical background.

Professor Mahoney was at one time Assistant Superintendant of Schools in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later became President of the Lowell Normal School. Since 1923 he has been a professor in the Department of Education at Boston University. He is well known to the public of Massachusetts through his writings on the subject of civic education. His newest book *For Us The Living* is highly acclaimed. It is in our College library.

Quotes from the lecture.

Quotes

"The purpose of civic education is to perpetuate democracy and improve its worth."

"Democracy is a kind of society in which free men, fraternally minded, voluntarily and persistently strive for the elimination of ineqalities and exclusions (political, social and economic) to the end that all men may share equitably in the rights, privileges, and satisfactions that our life in common affords.

"The Motivation at the heart of democracy is exactly the same as that which lies at the heart of religion in the Western world."

"The United States is a nation of economic illiterates."

"Basic needs of the educational program of the United States are: a keen interest in things political, the application of more intelligence in the political world, elimination of prejudice, correct attitudes toward economic problems, better political leadership, and the application of religion in civic behavior."

Governmental efficiency demands that people select their superior men for places of leadership, and unless those men betray their trust, give them a pretty free rein.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year From The Staff

Journey Upstate

Newmanites who journeyed to New Hampshire on Sunday, November 17, were well repaid for their journey with U. N. H. hospitality. The Newmanites visiting the Federation exceeded some six hundred and fifty (650). High spots of the Federation meeting were dinner in the school dining hall; the talk on Russia given by Rev. Father Francis Gallagher, S. J., former President of Boston College; and the business meeting which followed the lecture.

Father Gallagher had visited Russia and spent some time there during the religious persecutions of 1934 and 1935. He felt that we could combat the Red menace in the United States by making known to every citizen the principles for which our forefathers have fought and died and by assuring them that Russia is in no way superior or even equal to our own force and strength. Father Gallagher believes that Russia drew down the iron curtain because her country is in very poor condition and by keeping her real condition secret she can puzzle the rest of the U. N. The power Russia is wielding now is found in the absence of knowledge of her real position upon emerging from the war. Judging on past experience, Father Gallagher considers Russia to be in very poor economic condition, due in part to the fact that she has a large army occupying foreign lands as well as the "scorched earth policy of the Russians and the systematic devastation" of the Germans. (One begins to wonder if the Russians are lurking or hiding behind the iron curtain.)

After the business meeting, a delicious lunch was served by the U. N. H. Newman Club to the numerous visitors.

The next meeting will be held at MIT, and here is one Newmanite who doesn't intend to miss any of the coming meetings of the Federation!

K. P. Listens

On Thursday, December 5th, the Kgtn-Primary Dept. had the pleasure of hearing Miss Marion E. Taft, a retired Kgtn teacher. Miss Taft spoke on the History of Kindergartens showing samples of the earlier work done in Worcester schools. She finished by showing slides of a "Day in Kindergarten".

On Thursday, Dec. 12th, Miss Ruth M. White a Kgtn Teacher at Burncoat School will address the Kgtn-Primary Division. Miss White will talk on Kindergarten Rhythms giving demonstrations to illustrate her talk.

Frosh Elect

The recently elected officers of our Freshman class are:

Walter Morley—President
Fred Gay—Vice-President
Ruth Esper—Treasurer
Barbara Wisenian—Secretary
Ellen McKeon—Social Chairman

Student Christian Association Organizes

The first meeting of the Student Christian Association was held on Tuesday , November 19. The Association is an affiliate of the National Student Christian Association and a member of the Connecticut Valley Colleges Student Christian group. Membership is open to all students in the college who will subscribe to the charter and by-laws.

Officers elected at the November 19 meeting were: President, Chester W. Ruggles; Secretary, W. Clifford Fisher; Treasurer, Dorothy E. Fancy; Program Committee Chairman, Clara M. Saunders; Social Committee Chairman, Jean E. Perkins; Publicity Chairman, Ernest H. St. Jacques.

An advisory board of members will be selected at the next meeting. A charter and by-laws will also be formulated. The Association will meet twice a month on the first and third Tuesdays. Meetings will alternate between formal worship and discussion and informal fellowship.

Proposed plans for study and social action include a study of juvenile delinquency and crime in Worcester, inter-race cooperation, and socialized medicine.

A chaplain will be selected from among Worcester churchmen, several of whom have indicated a close interest in the project. Visits to various churches in the city for both worship and social activities are planned.

Cooperation with other groups in the college is one of the proposed aims of the Student Christian Association and all students are welcomed to the meetings. Christian fellowship and enrichment of our college life will result from the proposed program.

Faculty Jottings

Dr. Lawrence A. Averill is giving a series of lectures in Southbridge on Tuesday afternoon. The course carries University Extension Credit. Topics to be discussed are: "Home Backgrounds of the School"; Evolution of Personality and Social Nature"; "Deviating Children"; "Children's Quest for Security"; "The Role of Emotions in Childhood and Youth"; "Problem Children and Problem Parents"; Deliquency and Anti-social Behavior", and "Mental Health of Teachers".

Dr. Albert Farnsworth, our acting Prexy, was recent speaker at a meeting of the Royalston Historical Society on the subject, "Organizing Historical Societies".

About one hundred teachers are registered for Extension courses at S.T.C. this semester. Faculty members giving the courses and the courses are:

Miss Grace A. Kendrick—Music Appreciation
Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett—Studies in Modern French Literature
Mr. Joseph C. Riordan—Tests and Measurements
Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth—Kindergarten—Primary Work

(Continued on Page 3)

Junior Prom Plans

If you'd like to go dancing in a winter wonderland, you'll be among those present in the college gymnasium on Friday night, December thirteenth, from eight to twelve P.M., at the Junior Prom of the class of '48. There you'll dance to the dreamy music of Johnny Cutler's seven-piece orchestra, listen to the heavenly rendition of Edith Dodge, his charming vocalist, and watch eagerly while the chaperones select the lucky junior girl who will reign as queen for the evening.

Led by Barbara Looney, Social Chairman of the class, and general chairman of the dance, the juniors are doing their utmost to make this prom even better than the outstanding May Dance which they presented last year. Sylvia Badrigian, Marjorie Carroll, and Doris Katz are leading the decorations committee in plans to transform the gymnasium into a veritable winter paradise. Co-chairman, Dorothy Dunn and Madeline Dalton, are working with the dance order committee in the production of colorful dance programs. Mary Londergan and Jean Sullivan are directing the ticket committee in making tickets, which will be on sale to all members of the student body beginning this week. Tickets to the prom cost two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per couple, and they may be purchased from any member of the junior class.

Don't let the date bother you; throw all of your superstitions about Friday the thirteenth out the window.

Seniors Don Cap and Gown

On November 22 the Seniors officially donned the caps and gowns which they will wear every friday from now until June. The traditional custom of Senior day was observed with all the dignity of the marching hymn and the fun of the reminiscent skits.

Katherine Hennigan, class president, was mistress of ceremonies Jean Gagnon sang the themes for the scenes. The Misses Anne L. McKeon and Ann E. McCarthy had leading roles in "By the Sea", a scene from that unforgettable Sophomore assembly of 1945. The Floradora Girls and Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen also returned from the past to amuse the upperclassmen and the Freshmen who had missed that bit of the school's past.

The second act was an amusing version of Gilbert and Sullivan a la Skrivars and Ericson lamenting the lot of the apprentice teachers. Class registers and academic gown comleted the scene.

The Emerald Isle with its bit of blarney apropos of the Class of '47 closed the program. Seniors again donned cap and gown to fulfill the school tradition.

ACORN STAFF

Clara M. Saunders ..... *Editor-in-chief*
Geraldine D. Guertin, Frank J. Weiner ..... *Associate Editors*
Barbara M. Looney ..... *Feature Editor*
Ann Marie Owens ..... *Art Editor*
James Sullivan ..... *Men's Editor*
Kathyrn R. O'Donnell ..... *Faculty Advisor*

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M. Louise Sella — Mary T. Londergan
Mary Lou Lenk

Farewell

Farewells are never easily said. Parting words do not come in eager, rushing, fluent sentences, but in halting, hesitant phrases. Such is this farewell—composed of all the small things by which we remember a man:

Monday morning talks in chapel with a generous sharing of personal experiences and ideas; a sympathetic friendliness combined with a willingness to hear all of the arguments on both sides of the smallest matter; that often-expressed wish for "a singing school"; an unusual sensitiveness to beauty so discernible in the carrying out of an eager desire to enrich even the loneliest corners of our campus; a sense of kinship with the students, which is so often lost with maturity;—a shining faith in the infinite resources of Youth.

Of these fragments is our memory woven.

During his administration our school was accredited as a member of the American Association of Teachers Colleges, thirty-five acres were added to our campus, our tennis courts were completed, and our building was beautified both within and without.—All these forward strides attest to his ever seeking to improve our Alma Mater.

As he would have wished, we dwell not sorrowfully upon our loss, but instead we remember gratefully that portion of his life which we were privileged to share.

Democracy at Work

At this time of year we read much of football teams marching on to victory. Victories along other lines of endeavor, however, can be equally thrilling to the discerning reader. Some readers fail to realize that the American people teamed up last November 5th to come through with one of the most timely victories in the history of democracy.

Whether our personally selected candidates were victorious or not is unimportant. The important thing is that in these days when our country is being challanged by Communistic and Fascist elements our democratic way of life emerged victorious We proved to the world that we can change our nation's leaders and policies in a free election.

The timely element was that we proved it when the United States was playing host in New York to the leaders of fifty-one nations, which represent four-fifths of the world's population. These delegates at the United Nations meeting could not fail to see the American version of democracy at work.

These foreign representatives didn't see the opposition parties being suppressed, neither did they hear any shooting; but realized that some of our public officials were merely being replaced by candidates whom the American voters thought more capable of directing our foreign and domestic affairs. The American people can be proud in the knowledge that by their concerted effort our recent struggle for the preservation of democracy was not in vain.

We, as future teachers of America, can take an active part in keeping the democratic road that this country is traveling clear of Fascist and Communistic ideas. By preserving this democratic way of life we can be assured of free elections, and by free elections we shall always have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

JAMES A. SULLIVAN F2

The Grade Teacher

The Foundation for a Better World

In what a small light is the grade teacher of today thought of! How little importance is given to her efforts and achievements! And yet it is she, in part, who is molding the mind, forming the character of the child, and in general, preparing him for existence in a future world.

The young child today spends approximately one-half of his waking hours in the schoolroom. A great deal of time out of school is spent in outdoor play. Thus the child spends more time with his teacher and in the schoolroom than he does with his parents. What a wonderful opportunity for the teacher! And she does take advantage of it.

Today the teachers colleges are turning out teachers of the highest calibre; capable, efficient, and earnest young men and women, whose main aim is to guide youth. With the democratic chance of teaching the American child not only from books, but from practical experience, and armed with the right training, the grade teacher sets out. Remember—her objective is to teach the child not only his lessons but also how to make use of them in tomorrow's life. By innumerable progressive methods, she instills into his mind a patriotism toward his country and a love for mankind, and forms the groundwork on which he bases his ideas—a firm, sensible, unprejudiced groundwork.

Who can be more important than he who lays the foundation for the future? For that is just what our grade teacher is doing by guiding these young minds in the right path. Her light is not dim; it is a bright shining one that lights the way to a better world.

The Postwar World, or - -

Home work can be made easy in one simple lesson. About this time of year the annual groans and wails about piled-up papers and unread library work and confused lecture notes begin to echo in the lounges. The ACORN offers a few rules, which if exactly followed, are guaranteed to at least simplify the tangle you are in.

1. Stop worrying; that only gives you unsightly wrinkles in the wrong places.

2. Make yourself a tentative schedule and fill out library reserve slips to account for all those readings.

3. Give your notes a new face. A red pencil is an amazing corrective of confusion especially when it is used to underline important dates, general concepts, and those little points the professors casually remark would make good exam questions.

4. Try getting to the library at eight-thirty some morning. The isolation up there at that hour is a helpful companion to some concentrated study.

5. Go to bed at nine-thirty before all exams. A wide awake mind with a minimum of details is much better than a sleepy one full of confused details.

6.Learn to think and write in outlines before you start getting loquacious in your notes. It saves time and ink.

These rules may not be according to Burton exactly, but we've found them good working tools. We strongly recommend them if you are in the condition of a friend of ours who remarked after the professor said the water was getting a little deep in regard to homework, "I drowned two weeks ago."

"Emily Martial" First Century A.D.

Did etiquette originate with Emily Post? Nowadays when a problem of etiquette arises we usually turn to the sayings of Emily Post for the answer, which might lead one to believe that all our basic rules of etiquette emanate from the mind and pen of one Emily Post. I should like to submit the argument that Martial, a Roman epigrammist, was one of the first proponents of rules of etiquette. A survey of Martial's epigrams will uphold this argument, for here we find many of our present-day social rules or limitations. Since these epigrams deal with human nature, the moral truths contained within them are applicable to present day life, for human nature does not change coin with the passage of centuries.

In one of his epigrams Martial tells of a poetical bore, one of society's worst pests! He insists upon reading poetry wherever he happens to be! From this little epigram might come that social rule which says—if you can't say something which will be of interest to all, perhaps it would be better to keep still!

Another epigram deals with a man who continually whispers while in company. From this we can state another rule of etiquette—if a thing cannot be said aloud, it should not be said at all!

Still another epigram puts forth the idea that neighborliness is a prime requisite of life. Owing to the rise of large cities this rule has been neglected, but that does not lessen its necessity.

Well, I could go on ad infinitum, but I'm sure that now you realize that the Ancient Roman had in Martial the forerunner of our Emily Post —"Emily Martial", so to speak.

The Editor Says:

Editors should be more silent than they are, but this one can't resist mentioning a few bits that didn't get under a headline.—You've all noticed the new staff arrangement. We want to make the ACORN *your paper* this year, so don't be bashful about making contributions. We're very susceptible to new ideas.— A remark made recently to your Editor, "But I can't write funny copy any more. I'm a Senior now." So that's the reason for the change in some of our friends lately! We often wondered.—Welcome to Miss Brown with her tasty and generous meals. The way to a man's heart (and woman's too if the truth be known).—Miss B. got there in a hurry.— A word of appreciation and praise to Dr. Farnsworth as our acting president. We smile when he trots out his friends Horace and Seneca, but we know he is just as conversant about Sinatra and John L. Lewis. He's our election for "Kernel" of the month.—Hope you aren't forgetting—midyears are just beyond the horizon.—We hear the Physics club is contemplating gold keys with Latin inscriptions.—Juniors, don't forget to start a piggy bank for those handsome new class rings. A penny a day is wonderfully accumulative.— Did you know Dr. Shaw is the new Sophomore adviser? —The Student Council still has a supply of seals and pennants for sale in case yours has worn out.—We hear the clubs are planning super refreshments for their Christmas parties. Have you noticed on such occasions how some people manage to hold membership in about four clubs at once?

The great gift of conversation lies less in displaying it ourselves than in drawing it out of others. He who leaves your company pleased with himself and his own cleverness is perfectly well pleased with you.

—Jean de la Bruyère.

Get Acquainted With the Veterans

Cornelius Sullivan, Private, United States Army, spent 28 months overseas in the Pacific, mainly in New Caledonia and Guadalcanal.

Chester Waskiewicz, Sergeant, 9th air force, experienced 26 months overseas in England, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and has three battle stars.

John Tower, Yeoman third class, United States Navy, served two and a half years on L.S.T. duty in the Pacific.

Steve Cronin, Corporal, Marine Corps, had 19 months overseas in the Pacific as a Marine Gunner.

Joseph Murray, Corporal, Marine Corps, had 19 months overseas duty in Pacific and has one battle star for the invasion of Iwo Jima.

Richard Ahern, Private first class, Army, spent 10 months in Europe and Japan. He has two battle stars to his credit.

James McKeon, Sergeant, Marine Corps, with 20 months service in Pacific areas earned two battle stars.

Charles Baniukiewicz, Sergeant, 8th air force, served 24 months overseas mainly in England, France, Russia, Africa. He has nine battle stars.

Frank Weaver, Seaman first class, Navy, spent twelve months on a ship on Atlantic duty.

Leo Sullivan, Private first class, Army, saw action in Holland, France, Belgium, and Germany. He has three battle stars with 31 months service.

W. Clifford Fisher, Pharmacist's Mate first class, Navy, spent 19 months in E.T.O. and has one battle star.

George Cornetta, Private, United States Army, did 18 months duty in Africa and Italy. He is proud of two battle stars and the purple heart.

Paul Carnazza, Private first class, Marine Corps, Fourth Division, served two years overseas. He has four battle stars for invasions of Roi Nomur, Tinian, Saipan, and Iwo Jima. He also has the purple heart.

Another purple hearter was Paul Murray, Private first class, Army, spent 22 months in the Pacific. Paul has three battle stars mainly for Solomons and Philippines.

James Looney, Corporal Field Artillery, has 18 months in Europe and three battle stars to his credit.

James Sullivan, Radar Man, third class, spent 16 months in the Pacific including Philippines and New Guinea, and has two battle stars.

Joseph Russell, Corporal, Army, has seen 18 months duty in France and Germany and has three battle stars.

David Roche, Seaman first class, Coast Guard, served 15 months in the Atlantic, Iceland, and Greenland.

James Mooney, T/4 Army spent 7 months in Europe including Germany. He has three battle stars and the purple heart.

Stanley Roy, Corporal, Army, spent three and a half years as a tank driver. He saw action in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Five battle stars and the purple heart belong to him.

Donald Wilson, MaM 2/c U.S.N., served two years in the Pacific area.

Tentative Social Calendar

1946 - 1947

Class Week	Monday-Friday	October 21-28 (Council)
Student Tea	Friday	October 25 (Council)
All College Dance	Friday	October 25 (Council)
Newman Club Dance	Friday	November 22
Armistice Day	Monday	November 11
Thanksgiving Recess	Wed. noon-Monday	November 27-Dec. 2
Junior Prom	Friday	December 13
Xmas Recess	Friday-Monday	December 20-January 6
Dramatic Club Play		
Mid - Semester Examinations	Tuesday-Friday	January 21-24
2nd Semester begins	Monday	January 27
Barn Dance	Friday	January 31
All School Dance	Friday	February 13 (Freshmen)
Recess	Saturday-Sunday	February 22-March 2
Parent Student Tea	Friday	March 21
High School Senior Day	Friday	April 4
Glee Club Concert		
Vacation	Saturday-Sunday	April 19-27
Sophomore Dance	Friday	May 9
Memorial Day Recess	Friday-Sunday	May 30-June 1
Final Examinations	Tuesday-Friday	June 3-6
Class Day	Saturday	June 7
Baccalaureate		
Senior Prom		
Commencement	Sunday	June 8

Rumors Are Flying - - -

That Block Island is *the* place to spend the summer. Ask any of the girls (or Dick) who spent last summer there.

That Marjorie Carroll hasn't lost her pocketbook in over a week.

That the juniors are all agog about Al and Ruthie's expected heir.

That Barbara Looney was bitten by a muskrat (!!!) last summer.

That Doris Katz is pretty much discouraged about the short vacations that pre-med students have.

That Barbara Brosnan and Pat Doyle had so much fun at the University of New Hampshire.

That Gerry Guertin was in the front row when "Il Trovatore" was presented at the Auditorium last week.

That bridge is an important item in the lives of many of the lounge habitants.

That Mary Londergan and Norma Gardner are mad about Ted Williams. That the Junior Prom will be the dance of the year.

That we've said enough already.

Sports Organize

Sports have taken on a new aspect at S.T.C., now that a large number of men students are with us. Touch football and volleyball games have often dominated the physical education classes. The fellows play hard-fought games which result in the scores.

Now that the cold weather is upon us, basketball is being stressed. The twelve candidates for the team held their first practice period with Mr. Riordan, the coach, on Thursday, November 14. The team was sent through twenty-five minutes of handling and shooting the ball; then, using the figure eight type of offense, they ended the practice period with a ten-minute scrimmage.

The men have good competitive spirit, and what they lack in skill they make up for in enthusiasm.

Jim Looney is president of M.A.A.

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.

—William Blake.

Life History of a Term Paper

Birth:—somewhere in the little gray cells of the Professor's brain.

Time:—We think it must have been at three in the morning after a big dinner of indigestible food.

Weight—tremendous; enough in fact to cover centuries of time and towering stacks of printed matter.

First saw light of day—in the class room before thirty amazed students who were hereafter appointed guardians of the great idea. Like all foster parents they were just a bit bewildered and didn't know what to do with the new baby.

Early growth—took place in the confines of the library under the careful supervision of Miss Fitch. The baby was carefully fed a soft diet of nourishing food like the Statesman's Yearbook, The Reader's Guide, and the "Current Biography". Later it grew to digest more substantial food like Gibbons' *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

First trip—to the teacher's desk for correction.

First illness—it developed a rash of intermittent red marks all over it. The disease was not very serious however and the paper is expected to recover. The recovery of the foster parents however is more doubtful.

End of babyhood—it makes its mark in the world. If you are lucky and one of the brilliant students it probably was an A.

This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one: the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrapheap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish clod of ailments, and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

—George Bernard Shaw

The gentleman is he who accepts his position, and strives to fulfill all its responsibilities; and the cad is he who usurps every privilege which he can seize and dishonors every obligation that he can avoid.

—Dr. Norwood

Glee Club Concert

Soft candle glow and pure tonal pictures will recall pleasant memories of past Christmases, when the Glee Club presents its annual Christmas concert for the student body, faculty, and friends on December 13.

The program consists of familiar carols with new arrangements, contrasted by charming new carols made even more harmonious by the sympathetic interpretation.

Misses Geraldine L. Wolcott '49 and Phyllis A. Rawding '49 will be soloists. The Misses E. Dorothy Smith '47, Rosemarie Biron '49, and Catherine Hogan '48 will be accompanists. The chorus will be directed by Miss Grace A. Kendrick. The Tableau Committee is headed by Miss Catherine Hogan.

Faculty Jottings

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett, President of the Hortulus Club, a well-known garden club of Worcester, has a hand in planning interesting meeting for their members.

Dr. Earl B. Shaw is to speak before the Association of American Geographers at their convention to be held December 29-31 in Columbus, Ohio. This year Dr. Shaw is chairman of the Worcester branch of the Foreign Policy Association.

Miss Elizabeth V. Foster is giving in Fall River a series of lectures on "The Improvement of Teaching", and this is under the auspices of the Fall River Teachers Association. The course carries college credit.

Mr. Francis L. Jones still lends his services to the Massachusetts School of Art. He has been a recent speaker on the U.N.O. at Tatnuck Congregational Church.

Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell is President of Beta Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma, an honorary sorority in education. Miss Elizabeth V. Foster is state treasurer for Delta Kappa Gamma.

Miss Agnes E. Scribner believes in modern travel if we are to judge by her plane trip to California last summer.

Countee Cullen

Countee Cullen, one of our modern lyrical poets, recently passed away. He has done much for the negro race of which he was a member for in his writing he has presented their joys and sorrows with sympathetic understanding. One of his best-liked poems is "Incident: Baltimore":

INCIDENT: BALTIMORE

Once riding in old Baltimore,
  Heart filled, head filled with glee
I saw a Baltimorean
  Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
  And he was no whit bigger;
And so I smiled, but he poked out
  His tongue and called me "nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore
  From May until December;
Of all the things that happened
    there
  That's all that I remember.

For Men Only

Now that the war is over, S.T.C. welcomes to its doors brain and brawn. If you haven't seen them yet, don't bother looking. They exist here anyway. To them, we dedicate this column. It is they who are making it, and only they will break it.

"Jim" Sullivan has the honor of being the first person whose name is used here. Pray tell us, "Sully," what relationship is there between you and "To Each His Own?" A certain fellow in the Freshman class is an accomplished oboe player. This same person believes that a college education is not complete without the knowledge of a foreign language. He and "Jimmy" McKeon have something very much in common. "Murphy" Baniukiewicz continues the interior decoration of his car. He hopes to add a trade-in value to it. Is it true that George Keville hasn't been seen in front of Denholm's lately with a blonde? Who's the brunette, George? "Jim" Mooney is turning bald and Stan Roy is getting grayer every day. Both expect to become proud fathers in the very near future. Where did "Maharajah" Philbin disappear to after the "Foreign Policy Meeting" on Armistice Day? "Dave" Roche is looking forward to a job as night superintendent of S.T.C. "Frankie" Weaver continues to get knocked out by bowling pins. Maybe this accounts for his tardiness or does the alarm clock still go haywire? "Neil" Sullivan and "Steve" Cronin make a perfect pair. Both see all, tell all, and know nothing. "Dick" Buckley seems to get tired of holding the same girls' hands outside the cafeteria.

"Don" Wilson and "Frankie" Weiner operate the tail guns in "Jim" Mooney's car from S.T.C. to City Hall. As yet they haven't bagged any pedestrians. Why does Paul Murray like to see people flick their eyes? "Ernie" St. Jacques, who is married to a girl from Tennessee, intends to teach carpet bagging in high school. "Phil" Blanchard keeps a steady eye on some lass in the freshman class. "Jack" Sullivan goes to Maine every week-end to enjoy the scenery and "Joe" Murray is probably wondering (as of now) what girl thinks that he is cute.

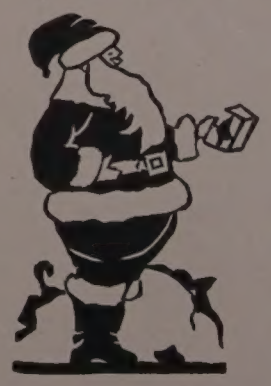
P.S.—Passed by the censor!

We only truly sympathize with misfortune such as we have ourselves undergone.

—Comtesse Diane.

There is no virtue of any kind unless one feels temptation.

—Dr. Richard C. Cabot



Club News

The International Relations Club, under the presidency of Marjorie Carroll and the guidance of Dr. Winslow, started its yearly discussion with a panel on the problem of the Dardenelles. Future discussions will be centered around current international problems.

At a recent meeting George Laird was elected treasurer. The following refreshment committee was appointed: Misses Marjorie Carroll, Geraldine Guertin, Clara Saunders, and Mr. George Laird.

* * * *

The Geography Club is concerning itself with problems of the Middle East. The Arabian and Jewish questions are to be discussed in the near future.

Officers of the club are: President, Elias Barsom; Vice-President, Mary Londergan. Other officers will be elected from underclassmen members.

* * * *

The Debating club is planning a schedule of debates for the near future. Our old friends, Tech, Holy Cross, and Our Lady of the Elms will be on the list. Watch for announcements of dates and teams. The national inter-collegiate subject this year is, Resolved: That labor should have a direct part in management.

* * * *

At the last meeting of the Literary Club, President Dorothy T. Smith, outlined a suggested calendar for the coming semester. Plans were set forth for discussion by the group and it was decided that at some time during the school year the club would take a field trip to Concord. Plans are now being made for a Christmas meeting, at which the best-loved Christmas poems and stories will be reviewed and Christmas gifts will be exchanged.

* * * *

The Cercle Français, under the leadership of Leo Charbonneau, president, had a get-together meeting and is now preparing for the annual "soirée de Noël." A Christmas package, filled with toys and warm clothing, has already been sent to Brittany to "little Annie", our French cousin. (Her real name is Anne-Marie and her father, a resistance leader, was killed by the Germans at the siege of Brest.) Each month a box of food and clothing is sent to her by the Cerçle. Chairmen for the boxes are Edna Sansoucie, Eileen Bouvier, Leo Charbonneau, Louise Sella, Ellen McKeon, Anne-Marie Owens, Mary O'Malley, Audrey Hart, Phyllis DuGuay, Theresa Biadasz, Frances Morgan, and Jacqueline Choiniere.

Miss Banigan, listening to Sylvia Badrigian's listing of the qualities of a happy warrier, heard among the list, "happy as a lover."

"And how happy is a lover, Miss Badrigian?"

"Ver-ry happy!" murmured Sylvia.

Could it be she's in love?

A Quiet Moment

1
A blue-black sky,
Golden lights, flickering shyly,
A deep, full peace.
Here in the silent shadows
Here in the darkness, sleeping,
Night finds a quiet moment.

2
A momentary sparkle!
Falling stars, miniature worlds.
A humble serenity.
Here 'neath the trees' dark beauty,
Here 'neath the swaying branches,
Night takes her quiet moment
And holds it in her heart.

PHYLLIS SHULMAN F 2

Bearding the Lion

My friends refused to go along with me, so I had no alternative but to go alone. My Literature Types class was still a day and two free periods away, but I had promised myself that I would not let assignments go until H-hour, the easiest way of all. Notebook grasped firmly under my arm, I haltingly climbed the four flights to the library, feeling much like Rapunzel confined to her lonely tower.

I paused before the glass doors—then, remembering my vow, I entered. The silence was deafening. All that could be heard was the szszsz scratch of pencils and pens, or an occasional page cautiously flipped. I tip-toed to the desk.

"Can you please tell me . . . ." my voice boomed, sounding much like a radio that has been turned on suddenly without regulating the volume. I never imagined a whisper could be so loud!

Miss Fitch answered me in her well-modulated manner, and I click-clicked into the Reference Room. (I must remember to take the metal taps off my heels and put on rubber ones.)

Deeply absorbed in my research, I was startled by the artillery of the pencil sharpener shattering the silence. In several minutes, my work completed, I tried to amble casually to the door, but only succeeded in feeling ridiculous. Once safely out of the lion's den, I swore never to return. But now a full-fledged freshman of four weeks, I find the library holds no fears and mysteries for me.

Fireflies

Fireflies are lighting candles in the dusk
To light the little wandering breezes home.
They do not know
They are unaware
Those errant breezes with little care
Will blow their candles out.
So the fireflies keep on
Lighting their candles in the dusk.

This Autumn Day

1
This autumn day is much too great for me!
The crimson-orange-golden leafy light
That shines o'er every quiet, darkened furrow
Is much too bright for my dim eyes,
And much too brilliant for a little heart to keep.

2
This autumn day is much too great for me!
The tangy, fire-touched scent of burning leaves
That sweeps o'er every harvested field and meadow
Is much too strong for me to grasp
And much too sweet for my poor mind to guard.

3
This autumn day is much too great for me!
Its vastness seems to crush my tiny heart!
Its beauty seems to push my crowded brain!
This autumn day is great, so very great,
And I am—oh so small!

PHYLLIS SHULMAN F 2

The other day we overheard this conversation between two college boys as they walked out of a history examination: "Man, I really flunked that one."

"But didn't you have the answers on your shirt cuff?" queried the other.

The first boy shook his head sadly: "Yes—but today I was wearing my chemistry shirt!"

—John Newton Baker

Dr. Shaw to a certain Sophomore: "Miss Osborne, what breeds would you introduce to make Southern cattle better?"

The Soph. (caught daydreaming): "Horses?"

Thanksgiving

We bowed our heads
And one voice prayed
While Johnny's fingers strayed
To where the olives graced the table end.

And then we ate
A royal feast—
Three times more than needed, at least,
To satisfy our craving.

The house was warm,
The candles bright,
The friendly chatter quick and light
Around that table.

We little thought,
Perhaps less cared,
How millions of other people fared,
This day of giving thanks.

I wonder
If this day should be
A rite of deep humility
In fasting borne.

Of sharing hunger
With a world
Who half are hungry and deep hurled
Into chaotic life.

Thanksgiving?
How best be thankful
For our living?

How well it is that children think less of their parents than parents of their children! If it were not so, sons and daughters would never leave home; families would never break up and scatter, as Nature meant they should. The old cry to the young, "Oh, do not leave me!" But the young are full of hope and courage, and the future, not the past, sways them. Not until they have become parents themselves, and tasted the pathos of life, do children know how their parents suffer.

—John Burroughs

The Arabella Tucker Seat Speaks

I am the Arabella Tucker seat.
You think me made of stone
A granite bench
Whose hard unyielding surface
Defies the snows of winter,
The heat of summer suns.
You think me a stone
And nothing more.

But I am a keeper of secrets
Whispered above my upright back.
Dates and dances,
Class officers made and unmade.
D warnings lamented.
Parties planned.

I am a maker of dreams
That hover around me
When the spring sun warms
And decorates my feet with green.
Dreams of achievement, youthful bright,
New schools, and better jobs
Or that more secret dream
Of homes and love and fulfillment.

I am a lover of youth—
Freshmen with their new found knowledge,
Sophomores with their growing sophistication,
Juniors with their not yet fitted adulthood,
Seniors with their dreams.

I am your friend
More than granite, more than stone.
The reminder of your past,
The location of your present,
The keeper of your future.

I am the Arabella Tucker seat.

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Who's Who

The following poem was chosen by the Board of Judges of the National Poetry Association to be published in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry. The Anthology is a compilation of the finest poetry written by the College men and women of America, representing every state in the country. Selections were made from thousands of poems submitted.

As Dr. Farnsworth suggested in his chapel announcement the faculty should be remembered in this Who's Who mention as well as the author, because good teachers can take some of the credit for good pupils.

The ACORN staff presents its congratulations to its Editor, her teachers, her parents and presents to its readers the poem.

Sonnet to a Little Boy

You cried when I scolded you
For pulling Taffy's ears
But still your eyes of brightest blue
Shone clearly through the tears.
You laughed at me when with stern face
I bade you stand quite still
And think what havoc your fast race
Would the living room fill.
You said your prayers in frantic haste
Then quickly asked, "My candy please."
And smeared it on your new washed face,
Still squatting on your knees.
But at last asleep I kiss your brow
And love you, as you are, and now.

Mission Accomplished

A whole free period lay ahead of us. As Dot and I stood before the bulletin board, contemplating how we would spend our time, a clerk from the office bore down on us with a gleam in her eye. With honeyed tones she prevailed upon us to find the janitress and speak to her about the flowers for the Assembly Hall.

Being new in the College, Dot and I were willing and even anxious to do favors. The girls' lounge was the first logical place to look, so we proceeded there. No sign of Mrs. Murphy. Had any of the girls seen her? No, but at their suggestion, we peeked into the Assembly Hall, which held only rows upon rows of empty seats.

"I know," blurted Dot. "She's probably in the cafeteria. Let's look ——it's worth a try, anyway."

Filled with the importance of our mission, we raced into the kitchen where delicious odors of the cooking food had a gratifying effect on the olfactory sense. After we had partially recovered from the delightful shock, we asked the inevitable question; again we received the inevitable answer.

Discouraged, we shuffled down the corridor, out of the door, and onto the campus with the idea of catching a breath of fresh air while searching for the mysteriously vanished Mrs. Murphy. Over the velvet-green grass carpet we walked, until we arrived at the stone fire-place. Where could the woman be?

Experiencing a feeling of failure, my friend and I reentered the building, singing "Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?" Just for duty's sake we asked a man in the repair room if he knew the whereabouts of Mrs. Murphy, to which he unexpectedly replied, "Try the roof."

We looked at each other in dumb amazement, shrugged our shoulders, and headed for the stairs. Ah, there is the memory of that arduous ascent with the secret thought that the tiny door at the top would open only onto an empty roof. The last step, a turn of the knob, and there, carved against the sky, was the lone figure of Mrs. Murphy in the very unfeminine act of painting the chimney!

Parent-Teacher Tea a Great Success

Approximately one-hundred and seventy bridge devotees attended the carefully planned and efficiently run bridge and tea sponsored by the Worcester Council P. T. A. on Nov. 19 in our gymnasium. The proceeds were given, in the form of a scholarship to a worthy S. T. C. student. This is the fourth annual scholarship awarded to our college by the Worcester Council, and though we expressed our gratitude several times, we again heartily say many, many thanks! Mrs. Carl Skyllberg was general chairman for the affair and Mrs. George W. Deering was Co-chairman.

WELCOME ALUMNI

GRADUATION
JUNE 8

The Acorn

ALUMNI DAY
JUNE 7

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume V | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Massachusetts, Thursday, May 1, 1947 | Number 2

Glee Club Concert To Be Held May 6

Worcester State Teachers College will have its annual Glee Club Concert on May 6, 1947, under the direction of Grace A. Kendrick, Director of Music, assisted by Edmond Boucher, baritone, and Morse Haithwaite, accompanist.

The program will be as follows:

College Hymn
Words and music by Grace A Kendrick
Dear Land of Home — Sibelius
Now Breaks the Dawn — Saint-Saens
The Galway Piper — arr. by Fletcher
Boys can whistle but girls must sing — arr. by Bartholomew
Glee Club
Le Tambour Major Caid — Thomas
When I have Sung My Songs — Charles
Arioso de Benvenuto — Diaz
Mr. Boucher
Wiegenlied (Cradle Song) — Brahms
Nachtigall, sie singt so schon (Nightingale, Thy Sweetest Songs)
Vom Gegirge Well' auf Well' (From Yon Hill the Torrent Speeds)
(Love Songs) — Brahms
(These will be sung in English)
Glee Club

Intermission

The Lord's Prayer — Mason
Psalm 150 — Franck
Glee Club
At Tinkerton Inn — Fisher
Trade Winds — Keel
Ol' Man River — Kern
Mr. Boucher
Serenade Student Prince — Romberg
The Surrey with the Fringe on Top — Rodgers
Will You Remember Sweethearts — Romberg
Alma Mater — Traditional
Glee Club
Accompanists
E. Dorothy Smith, '47
Rosemarie Biron, '49
Margaret Murray, '47, President
Mary Bryson, Vice-President
Jean Perkins, Sec. Treas.
Jane Noyes, Librarian

Mr. Boucher will sing encores.

We know that the concert will be a great success and will be well attended. Tickets will be on sale at the door.

Parent-Student Tea

The second annual parent-student tea of the college was held from 3 to 4 P.M. Friday, March 14, 1947, in the dining hall; and despite the rainy weather, faculty members, parents, guardians, wives, and husbands of the students turned out en masse for the occasion. A successful event for the second time, the tea was sponsored by the social committee of which Miss Dorothy Stafford is faculty chairman. Class presidents, assisted by the Social chairmen, poured, and the entire student body took part in the arrangements and the serving.

Committee chairmen were the Misses Catherine D. Henigan and Ann E. McCarthy, hospitality; Mary Londergan and Norma Gardner, serving; Marjorie Frohock and Nancy M. Curley, decorations; and Ellen E. McKeon and Mr. Walter S. Morley, food. Faculty members who assisted were Miss Grace A. Kendrick, Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth, Miss George Eleanor Shaw, and Dr. Albert W. Farnsworth.

Greetings from the Alumni President

DEAR FELLOW ALUMNI:

I am very happy to greet you through our fine college paper.

Alumni day this year will be Saturday, June 7th, and careful plans are being made for a grand reunion. Don't miss it!

President Sullivan, our genial host, whom you will enjoy meeting, has appointed a faculty alumni committee to plan with the executive board and an excellent program for us will be the result. Movies of college life, music, and dramatics together with— but I must not tell you any more! Come and see for yourself.

Registration will be at 12:00 noon followed by luncheon. After a brief business meeting, a social hour will follow in the college auditorium.

Plan to attend the best Alumni Day our school has ever held!

Sincerely,
EDITH M. VAN BUSKIRK,
President Alumni Association

Do Your Protegees Aspire to Teach?

Have you any young students or other friends who might choose teaching for a career? We shall be very happy to send you catalogues of courses of study offered at S. T. C.; or, if you prefer to send us their names and addresses, we shall forward copies to them.

Massachusetts needs teachers. Education of our youth by competent leaders must go on if America is to retain its power! Do your part!

Annual Scholarship Tea

The Sixth Annual Scholarship Tea of State Teachers College will be held at the College on Saturday afternoon, May 17, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Alumni are cordially invited. Your presence at previous teas has made them a success.

This year a distinctly patriotic motive will be stressed at the Tea, as the College inaugurates a new scholarship to be known as the GOLD STAR SCHOLARSHIP in memory of the men from the student body who made the supreme sacrifice in the First and Second World Wars.

FRED WINFRED CHAPLIN
Private U. S. Aviation Service
Class of 1916

JOHN WILLARD MORAN
Corporal U. S. Marine Corps
Class of 1917

ROBERT WILLIAM FOX
Pfc. U. S. Marine Corps
Class of 1944

Honored guest of the day will be Col. Robert L. Whipple, one of Worcester's outstanding military men and citizens. Graduate of the University of Vermont, a member of its Board of Trustees, Colonel Whipple served during the First World War with the First American Army in France and in Germany, rising through the ranks as Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. In the Second World War, he was Regional Director of the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety. In civilian life, Colonel Whipple has at various times served the Commonwealth as member of the Commission on Administration and Finance, as Chairman of the State War Memorial Commission, and as Chairman of the Emergency Public Works Commission. Besides this service to the Commonwealth, he has been President of the Worcester Area Boy Scouts of America, the Worcester Chamber of Commerce and the Worcester Economic Club.

The College is proud to be able to present Colonel Whipple as its Guest of the Day, and invites your attendance on this memorable occasion.

The entire proceeds of the Tea will go toward the support of scholarships for students who would be unable to pursue their education without assistance. Reservations may be made by calling the Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, Dr. Lawrence A. Averill (2-3015), or by contacting any member of the College.

The Scholarship Tea Committee is composed of Dr. Averill, Miss Banigan, Miss McKelligett, Dr. Shaw, and Miss Wilmarth.

Anne-Marie Owens, '50, is in charge of decorations. Other members of the student body will soon be assigned to tea duties.

Subscription: Fifty cents. Tickets will be mailed promptly to subscribers.

For those wishing to contribute special gifts toward the Scholarship Fund, a suitable form is available. It may be procured from Lawrence A. Averill, Chairman of the College Scholarship Committee.

ELECTION NOTICE!

All classes and clubs are urgently requested to hand in nominations for officers to the Student Council on or before May 1st. An all-school election day will be conducted on May 7th.

Evening

If I could choose immortality,
I'd be the whisper of the waves
That tell their secrets to the mossy shore.

I'd be the birch
That makes pale pointing fingers
In the summer dusk.

A jagged rock
That shelters wee green bushes
Cuddled at its feet.

The impartial breeze
Scattering diamonds in the lake
And playing concertos in the pines.

I'd be the mellow afterglow
Of purple on the hills.

—CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Alumni Luncheon Reservation

I do
I do not plan to attend the Alumni Luncheon, Saturday, June 7. Reply to Edith Van Buskirk. 162 Morningdale Road, Worcester, Mass.

Inauguration of New President Tuesday, May 13

The inauguration of Eugene A. Sullivan as President of our college will take place Tuesday, May 13, at 2:30 P.M. in the college auditorium. Representatives and guests from other New England colleges and faculty of S. T. C. will compose an academic procession. Mr. John J. Desmond, Jr., Commissioner of Education, will perform the duties of presiding officer. The invocation will be given by Rev. John J. Bell of St. Peter's Church. Greetings from the City, the Worcester Public Schools, and the State will be given by Mayor Charles F. (Jeff) Sullivan, Supt. of Schools Thomas F. Power, and Capt. John J. Pakula, military aide to the Governor. The induction of the President by Commissioner Desmond will be followed by the inaugural address by President Sullivan. Rev. Chester H. Wheeler of Tatnuck Congregational Church will give the benediction. The college glee club under the direction of Miss Grace A. Kendrick will render two selections:

Serenade from Student Prince — Romberg

Now Breaks the Dawn — Saint-Saens

Organists will be E. Dorothy Smith, '47, and Rosemarie Biron, '49. A reception will follow in the President's office. Alumni are cordially invited to these exercises.

Don't Forget!

GLEE CLUB CONCERT	May 6
INAUGURATION	MAY 13
DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY	MAY 23-24
BACCALAUREATE	JUNE 5
CLASS DAY	JUNE 6
ALUMNI DAY	JUNE 7
GRADUATION	JUNE 8

Alumni are cordially invited to all our exercises. We enjoy having you with us.

ACORN STAFF

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Teachers' Salaries

In recent months there has been much deliberation on the question: Do teachers deserve a higher wage scale? As students of a teachers college, we naturally agree with the arguments which teachers throughout the country are presenting to their political and educational leaders.

A majority of the people fail to realize that a capable teacher does much more than present subject matter. A good teacher injects into his teaching certain democratic principles which result in a stronger and more united America. With inadequate teaching we cannot even expect fair instruction of the text material, let alone the stimulating patriotic zeal and love for democracy.

With the low salaries offered to applicants, superintendents cannot afford to be critical of the ones they choose. In many instances they have no choice. In Kentucky, a man imprisoned for a moral offense was released to fill a teaching position. This being the situation, how can educational standards be maintained in America?

The educators of today are confronted with one of the most difficult tasks in the history of education. They are obligated to give a clear picture of the two conflicting forces in the world today: Communism and Democracy. In order to complete this task we must have only the most capable and industrious men and women in the field of education.

The teacher of today must help children and adults understand what democracy really means. He must emphasize the achievements of our democracy. He must help youth appreciate our America and its freedoms. It is his job to compare the tyranny and oppression of the middle ages, still present in Europe and Asia, with America. He must show how America has progressed and what we may yet achieve. This is an important job and must be done well if America expects to maintain world leadership. It can be accomplished by offering a wage scale worthy of attracting the qualified personnel needed in the educational field and by raising the social status of the teacher to the dignity that is rightly hers.

It is only through the understanding of the democratic principles at stake that we can ever expect the youth of today to properly govern themselves tomorrow, and rally to defend the American way of life from that ever-growing menace—Communism.

Who Done It?

Commencement speakers from time long past have been pompously telling graduates that the world is waiting for them. Life, somehow, through the power of their oratory, gets to be like a big luscious red apple waiting for the graduates to pick. The burden of the speech is to tell the young people various methods of getting into a position to pick said apple.

And then what happens? Some of them do get to pick what they think is the apple that has been waiting for them all this long time and —the thing has rotten spots in it. So the graduates, now grown grey, blame the speaker for not telling them it was rotten in the first place and grumble away the rest of their lives hunting for other apples ready and ripe for the picking.

The question is, "Who done it?" Who made the apple rotten? Who disillusioned our graduating friends? Who couldn't see straight?

In the first place, the speaker who presented that view of life didn't know what he was talking about. The world is not before you like a juicy red apple—it is within you, to be created by you, and then to be enjoyed by you. No other world is real or worthwhile.

That sort of shifts the responsibility for the rottenness of the apple, doesn't it? Fifty years from now the world that is within us today will be only what we ourselves have made it, not what some speaker glowingly predicted it was, there waiting for us to take ready made. It also shifts the emphasis from how to get there, to what do we create along the way.

Having raised the question and the difference, it would be pleasant to editorialize to the logical conclusion, but that would be a book too long for reading at one sitting, so instead we shall content ourselves with suggesting guide posts to the creation of this world we have within us urgently waiting to be created. Here are a few good growing rules to insure the soundness of the apple fifty years from now.

1. Be honest with yourself first, and then with every one else.
2. Do not be afraid to grow or to change for the better.

(Continued on Page 3)

"To Be or Not To Be"

It is an obvious fact that every day one of us is called upon to be a leader in some capacity. It is equally obvious that not all of us are good leaders, but then why should we be? Very few of us, I am sure, have ever been given instruction in leadership. It is my contention that leadership can and should be taught! Perhaps a short discussion on the subject is advisable at this time. It will indicate to you what I would consider a "good leader."

I believe that the character of the leader molds the subsequent success or failure of any group undertaking. Where there exists a weak leader so exists incompetency and procrastination within the group. To my mind, a leader must possess forcefulness and determination and be entirely bereft of any tendency toward vacillation. You cannot hope to inspire others to action if you cannot first motivate yourself! Another quality which a successful leader must have is the ability to give clear, concise directions, in order to eliminate any possibility of confusion. The ambiguous statement has no place in the repertoire of the capable leader.

Let us now turn to Shakespeare for some exemplary examples of good and poor leadership. Perhaps Hamlet, the tale of woe concerning an incurable procrastinator is the best example of what not to do when attempting to be an efficient leader. Consider his famous soliloquy in which he characterizes his indecision:

"To be or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them——
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And Enterprise of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action."

This might well be studied by anyone addicted to that malicious disease known as procrastination, for under its burden that person can never hope to become a leader.

The tragedy of Hamlet's downfall is in a way much like the tragedy of Richard II, for both men were faced with tasks for which their characters made them unequal. Richard is the personification of the young, pampered, conceited king who firmly believes that "not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm off from an anointed king." He does nothing to prove himself a king, but merely relies upon his "divine right" to see him through any difficulties which may arise. I fear that too many people, when handed the reins of leadership, commit the same error that Richard did. They fail to realize that the mere acquisition of leadership does not insure good or capable leadership! They do not recognize the fact that good leaders are made, not born!

On the other side of the ledger we find Henry V who is all aggression and action! In a situation where Hamlet or Richard would be incompetent we find Henry calmly, quickly, and judiciously settling matters. Henry does not wait to begin a task, and once begun, he advances with determination to his goal. He can do this because he has a clear-cut purpose in view, and wastes no time in pondering over unimportant details. Henry V possessed both reason and judgment, which Tacitus believed were the qualities of a leader.

In closing I should like to say that leadership is not a crown to be worn lightly, but one which should rest as an enjoyable burden upon the head of the wearer. It should inspire fruitful labor and thoughtful consideration on the part of the leader, for he must remember that,

"If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

The Editor Says:

Spring is surely here. Notice the budding romances around the campus coming into full bloom these sunny noons. . . . Which reminds us, don't forget the coming of all the big spring events. Sophomore Dance, Glee Club Concert, Dramatic Club Play, and Newman Club breakfast. . . . Don't you all wish the New York Conference included the entire student body? Rumor has it that Miss Foster gave Gerry Guertin her exam in Principles of Teaching on the way down. . . . Miss Banigan assures us she misses the school as much as the school misses her. . . . The Debating Club has a spring schedule planned; be sure to watch for it. . . . The Seniors haven't been wearing their academic robes so much this year. It is practically impossible to tell them from undergraduates. Those uncomplimentary remarks about black buzzards must have scared them. . . . The library population seems to be increasing. Could be term papers are due. . . . Some one should take pity on the little white dog who howls outside our door every day and let him in. Perhaps he wants to be educated. . . . Miss Banigan's room is out of bounds now. The Faculty are organizing great plans for their radio forum therein. . . . What happened to our class dramas? Last year the Junior and Sophomore shows were the hits of the year. We've seen no scurrying around with scripts and costumes as yet. Could it be we're losing ourselves in our studies? . . . And in line with the arts, any literary effusions are welcome to the eyes of the ACORN staff if no one else will recognize them for you. We don't promise anything, but it is worth the try. . . . Welcome to President Sullivan and his friendly good morning when he meets you in the corridor. Nice smile goes with it too, in case you haven't noticed. . . . The I. R. C. is inviting the Debating Club to their next meeting. There should be some fur flying on the Russian question. . . . And we were pleased to hear some one remark in the lounge the

(Continued on Page 3)

Pardon Us, But . . .

We are the Cafeteria tables. And are we green! No, not with envy—the Building and Grounds Committee painted us that color. However, the color should be red. That is what we feel like most of the time. The things we hear, and the things we suffer; only a sob sister could appreciate.

For instance, when young romance goes temporarily on the rocks (or maybe it goes out the window in one of the World Affairs classes, we aren't too sure), who gets the brunt of the abuse? The Cafeteria tables of course. The disgruntled swain digs his fork into our face from sheer frustration, or his injured colleen shakes a spray of salt into our eyes for lack of something better to do.

Or at exam time, who gets Physics problems scribbled on them, or who supports the weary elbows of the student who stayed up all night to study and is too sleepy to even eat her lunch? We hear so many answers to the same problem, that we're totally confused. Could be the students are, too.

And of course we are frightfully beaten every time an argument starts. Fist pounding is a common occurrence in the great philosophical discussions that center around us every noon time. We've heard that anger ruins the digestion; it also ruins our paint.

So pardon us for saying it, but we think we're a bit misused.

Storm

Beat, beat
This impassive shore
Retreat, retreat
Surge back for more.
Spill your whiteness on the rocks,
Bend the pine trees with your shocks
Oh wind!
Ye waves!
In concert furious.

Home, home
The long waves roll
Foam, foam
Beyond control
Fill the air with sound of crashing
Battle with your long arms lashing
Storm scared rocks!
Their lesser children!
Unmoved though shaken.

Moan, moan
Ye battered trees
Alone, alone
Upon your knees
Bending low but never breaking
Strong and sure your trial taking
Beleagued shore!
Firm standing trees!
In defense glorious.

Fall, fall
Imperious rain
On all, on all
And once again
Fill the air with stinging content
Feed the waves before they're spent.
Oh, earth!
Ye elements!
In battle taken.

—CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Salter Sinchell

Open the Door Richard and let some air blow in. . . . Al Barrios' baby is doing research on the A-Bomb and Cosmic Rays. . . . The McKeon of Cherry Valley fame is blessed with beautiful girls and tall handsome men, for confirmation of this report, ask Phil Blanchard, Theresa Dillon or Pat Daley. . . . Walter Morley is looking at the gym in terms of a vet's housing project. . . . Stan Roy's twins are only ten weeks old but the family psychologist figures their I. Q. to be 196 and 204. . . . Jean Gagnon will be wed June 26. Her diamond is so big that the Airport Commission wants to use it as a floodlight for night landings. . . . Barbara Wiseman seen spotting around in a 10 passenger Cadillac. . . . Hollywood could use a few S. T. C. students as doubles for some of their leading stars! Leo Charbonneau for Peter Lorre—"Deany" Kane for Carole Landis—Chet Waskiewicz as Sonny Tufts—Charley Banukiewicz as John Hodiak, and Al Barrios for Lou Costello. . . . Al Fotiades promises to bring an M. G. M. Star to the sophomore dance. . . . Nancy Curley was the leading model at the Cover Girl Fashion show at Denholm's. She has been offered a contract by 20th Century Fox. . . . If Pres. Truman is looking for diplomats S. T. C. still has Steve Cronin, Jim McKeon, and Frank Weaver. . . . Ask Neil Sullivan about the man he was kind enough to push; then the man rode off with his front bumper. . . . Jim Mooney's baby can explain Einstein's theory. He asked Santa Claus for a cycletron for Christmas. . . . Dick Beals is now teaching in Rutland, Mass. . . . Ask Franny Sweeney about the morning the cows and chickens followed her to school. . . . Barbara "Zip" Looney has her ups and downs; she operates an elevator part-time. . . . Rita Santor was a guest at Cushing Academy's Winter Carnival. . . . ditto for Barbara Wiseman. . . . June Higgins, Eleanor Moranz, Anne Marie Owens, and Barbara Wiseman are playing roles in Holy Cross Dramatic Club's production "School for Scandal." . . . Seen dining at the Stork Club—Dottie Smith and Van Johnson and Clara Saunders and Tyrone Power. . . . Ernie St. Jacques and wife showed us some rebel rug-cutting at the Freshman Dance. . . . Chet Ruggles' mustache is really a honey. He claims when he drinks water it reminds him to wash the dog. . . . George Keville will address the Foreign Policy Association on "The Effect of Britain on Homework." . . . Dottie Gagner is a farmerette from Holden. . . . "Snuffy" Carnazza will address the student body next month. His topic, "Benefits Derived from Eating in a Chophouse." . . . Bill Brandli was prisoner of war for two years in Italy and Germany. . . . What interest does Johnny Rourke have at Smith College? Is it a girl or does he know the janitor. . . . Frankie Weiner has received his draft card. He wants duty in India; he has the answers to all of Gandhi's problems. . . . Close the door, Richard, enough hot air has blown in already.

The Editor Says:

other day, "We have to gripe, but we really love this school, homework and all." . . . Congratulations to the basket ball team on their successful season. The college is proud of them. Have you noticed the several interesting noontime "experiments" going on in the Psych Lab? . . . The Principles of Teaching course have several bids to fame in the making with the projects under way. Pass the door quietly please—there's genius at work. . . . The ACORN staff have big plans for the next issue. Watch for it.

Who Done It?

3. Have faith even when doubting the details of life.
4. Have a conviction of your uniquely personal responsibility for the world you live in and are about to live in.

The slang phrase, "who done it?" will have but one answer, be the world of tomorrow good or bad. What you are now will determine what it shall be.

"King Mark"

The following proposals seem to me to be very applicable to our present-day system of educating the younger generation. However impracticable they may appear from a cursory glance, I am sure that with further reflection and study you will be convinced of the cogency of my argument and subsequently be won over to my point of view.

In the first place all studying for knowledge must be done away with, and studying for a mark substituted in its stead. The acquisition of true knowledge must always be secondary to the acquiring of a mark. There are many methods of insuring your obtaining a "good" mark, and perhaps one of the best is to be sure that you learn only those things which the idiosyncracies of the instructor demand that you know. All else is extraneous material and need not clutter up your mind. If the teacher emphasizes the fact that Shakespeare wore a wig, remember that—because you might get it on a test! If the more important points concerning the works of "Dear Bill" seem to be disregarded in your class discussion, don't let that worry you, for obviously, since they are being left out, they are not important. You must never submit an idea of your own to the instructor, because it might prove antagonistic to his ideas, and thus have a detrimental effect upon your mark, which, after all, is the important thing!

Only those capable of expert memorization can hope to be academically successful. Memorization is the thing! The only facts which you may memorize are those shown to be important by the fact that they are included in class discussion. The parrot-like habit of spouting the instructor's ideas verbatim is highly commendable and should be employed whenever and wherever possible. Adequate memorization is essential to your getting the desired high mark which will assure you of future success in life; for remember, only the "brains" will make a mark on the pages of time. After all, why should you clutter up your mind by learning useful facts, when the memorization of the instructor's witticisms will achieve the desired effect—a grade upon a piece of white paper—with much less effort!

Never use your mind! Do not make the fatal mistake of thinking, for this will interfere with intelligent memorization, thus jeopardizing your chances of admittance to the Honor Society!

In closing, allow me to submit for your approval a byword which seems appropriate to your position in life and which might be your guiding star: "Bow down, ye loyal subjects, to King Marking System."

"Of Studies"

I have been considering the problem of studies for some time and have recently come to several pertinent conclusions concerning the subject. I consider these conclusions so timely that I feel it is my duty to impart them to you—present students and future teachers.

The gravest mistake you commit in regard to studies is that you enjoy them. This will never do. Studies were concocted only to make aspirants of knowledge miserable and unhappy. The philosophy of the contemporary instructor is akin to that of the mother who sets her child to work sorting buttons on a rainy afternoon—"busy work" so to speak! You must not, for fear of falling into an intellectual rut, enjoy your studies; that is a basic principle to which I desire you to adhere.

I have also noticed that some students actually contradict and even disagree with what they find written in their illustrious text-books. This miscarriage of justice must be rectified. Believe all you read! You must study, not to confute but to swallow whole all the material which your unlimited intellect can absorb. Remember, that to contradict is to confuse—both yourself and the instructor.

It is my opinion that too many of you believe in that old saying "Reading maketh a full man". This may be true but it must not be applied to your studies; only to outside reading such as the latest novel, a new magazine, or to the comic strip.

Another observation I have made concerns your all too avid interest in your studies. Such a state of affairs cannot be tolerated in an institution like this where outside activities are apparently so important if profusion is any criteria of importance.

In conclusion, let me say, that too much knowledge may give you mental indigestion. Spend the least amount of time possible on your studies for, as Sir Francis Bacon so aptly put it, "To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

The Correct Approach

The question has often arisen as to what should be the purpose of education. As I am a prospective "educator", this subject has quite naturally occupied my mind from time to time. I do not propose to be an expert on matters educational, but my interest has led me to observe and comment mentally on the present state of affairs. Permit me to discourse briefly on the subject.

The main thing should be to inculcate just as much knowledge into the students as possible. The emphasis should be on subject-matter for, obviously a design for for living can be learned at home, and need not enter into the province of the classroom. The home environment should care for the psychological needs of the student, and the school should provide all the book-learning necessary. There must be no correlation of the two for this will lead to confusion in the mind of the child. "To each his own" regardless of what many may tell you to the contrary.

The above appears to be the general practice in our schools today as witness the usual curricula offered to grammar school and high school students. Teachers are merely "proctors" or overseers, so it would necessarily follow that they are being paid a wage comparable to their importance in the general scheme of life.

Some maintain that with the increasing speed of our technological society the home is not providing adequately for the moral needs of the child and that this home prerogative should be usurped by the school. How utterly absurd! The teacher has enough to do keeping a room full of active youngsters reasonably quiet while attempting to pound a little book-learning into their heads without worrying about their mental quirks and short-comings. If the child can pass the required tests and recite reasonably well in class, that is all that need trouble the teacher's mind. For what else is she being paid?

Let us now turn our attention to that highly important factor in education known as "class recitation," which appears to be such an intangible thing that its worth can be computed only by the instructor—the student is not a reliable judge of the calibre of his class participation. What *is* considered adequate class participation? From all observations I would surmise that any verbal contribution, regardless of its apparent irrelevancy, is sufficient, since it serves to inform the teacher that the student is not merely passively attending her all-important class. The student should bear in mind that "to be dumb is construed to be good" and recite accordingly—give the instructor a chance to show her brilliance!

In a discussion of this type we must necessarily include a few lines on the topic of home lessons. I firmly believe that homework assignments are absolutely essential to the students' acquiring a respectable education. The practice has withstood the test of time in the school system, so it must be considered a worthwhile procedure. It has been proposed by many progressively minded individuals that the school day be extended, thus cutting down on homework requirements. Speaking now from the viewpoint of the instructor, I believe this would be a distasteful innovation since it would presuppose lengthier and more carefully planned classroom work, thus creating a greater burden for the already over-worked teacher to carry. Under this system we would have an unequal distribution of labor and it is my contention that the students should share this responsibility with the instructor for as Robert Herrick once penned,

"If little labour, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

I have tried to give you in the preceding paragraphs a general concept of the field of education; however, there is one short line which to me encompasses the essence of educational practice and teacher philosophy—to pass is human; to flunk, divine!

Catch On?

Sooner or Later—I'll get an *A*.

Give Me 5 Minutes More—To study for that biology test.

For Sentimental Reasons—I come to school each day.

Sweet and Lovely—Ann Marie Owens, F 2.

My Hero (of the basketball team) Chet Waskiewicz.

You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby—Al Fotiades.

Hubba Hubba—The Freshman Boys.

Somewhere in the Night—You'll find an S. T. C. student studying for a test.

South America, Take it Away—Homework.

Old McDonald Had a Farm—Relative of Yours, Elaine Lorys?

Guilty—I cut class.

I Don't Know Why—I can't pass a test.

Stout-hearted Men—Boys' Basketball team.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy—S. Roy, F 2, J. Mooney, F 2, A. Barrios, W. Morley, F 3.

Chloe—Are *you* coming to the girls' basketball games?

Paper Doll—the Art class.

An Hour Never Passes—That I don't get homework.

I'll Get By—As long as that kid next to me studies.

Together—We'll pass that test.

It Could Happen to You—An invitation to the prom.

I Dream of You—Vacation.

Deep in the Heart of Texas—Mrs. McKaw.

Mairzy Doats—Kindergarten Class.

Sleepy-Time Gal—Monday morning.

Remember When—There were no boys at S. T. C.

Rosemary—Rosemary Biron, S 1.

S.T.C. TEAM WINS 7 OUT OF 8 GAMES

The King

The time was the hour of the morning that heralds the dawn. The setting was on Route 5 in upstate New York.

I was just a plain, ordinary hitch-hiker, employing every trick of the profession—and it is a profession—to obtain a ride. My luck had been poor, and as a result I had been walking some time. I have an aversion to staying in one place too long. I believe the constabulary of the towns have the same idea. They encourage me to keep moving.

If you have ever hitch-hiked along the road at night, you may have some idea of how I felt at the time. I was alone, discouraged, tired and groggy. To become groggy is one of the worst evils that can befall a man on the road at night. Your walk turns to a weave, the ability to judge the speed of approaching automobiles falls off greatly. The lights of the cars hypnotize you, beckoning you to walk into their path. It is a state one cannot readily afford to get into.

This ally of Morpheus, on the fatal night of which I write, soon enthroned me in his arms. I walked blindly down the road, enchanted with the idea that I was king, and the highway my carpet.

In the distance, I saw the headlights of an approaching vehicle reaching out in the darkess, only to disappear again into the vale. Now I could hear the soft lulling music of a diesel engine as it played its symphony of death. I became enraptured by its tune. It held me powerless to ward off the stabbing light that shot out from that ten wheeled monster. A sudden blast, as if a thousand angels from Hell had sounded their trumpets, awakened me to the reality of my plight. The roar of the truck reached a deafening crescendo. Suddenly, I was enveloped in a void, beautiful and serene. It swept over me as does the outrushing tide sweep over the mud flats.

When I awoke—how long afterwards I don't know—I was lying in the middle of the road, unharmed. To my right a broken guard rail told me what had happened. The driver, apparently fearful of hitting me, had plunged his truck through the rail, the other side of which there was a deep embankment that ended in a marsh. The truck had caught fire and was now a mere skeleton. The cab and driver were lost in the oozing mud.

So ends the tale of a twelve-ton demon that contested the right of a king to walk along his royal carpet.

JOSEPH F. MURRAY, F 3

Along the Corridors

If anyone needs an essay on "Progress" consult Dr. F.

Even with the grand pep talks Gerry Guertin gives, Kilroy seems to be the only one coming to the girls' basketball games!

Clever punsters — Phyllis DuGuay, F-1.

"Good deed Dotties"—T. Biadasz and J. Choiniere, F-1, who traveled all the way up to Tech to return a book that belonged to a Tech student. Some trip, eh girls?

Stubborn people—Chet Waskiewicz and Miss Banigan in an argument.

Dr. F.: I voted four times for Roosevelt.

S. Fotiades, F-3: How many times did you vote for Lincoln?

P. Duguay: That boy has more nerve than a toothache.

Gloria (Sunshine) B., F-1, walking to school: Gee, I treat my feet like dogs.

Listen to the Night Watchman—Jimmy McKeon and Neil Sullivan seem to have top billing.

Wonder if those certain sophomores in the cafeteria will ever "pay the rent."

To Gerry Wolcott—Have you gotten rid of your cough yet?

Good advice to T. Biadasz from D. Buckly: If you can't Bearadish, be an onion.

W. Trow, F-3: I caught a cold yesterday.

G. B.: How did you get it?

W. Trow: I opened the window and influenza.

J. Sheehan, F-2: Our relationship is strictly platonic. Play for me and tonic for you.

Dr. F.: Some people go to church on Sundays and pray on their knees. The rest of the week they prey on the people.

Something to remember from Miss West's delightful blackboard: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever."

Editor's note: This is your column. Any contributions will be welcomed by any member of the staff. Keep your eyes and ears open for clever material for the next column.

Debating Club

A spring schedule of debates with Tech, Holy Cross, Fitchburg State Teachers, Vermont University, and a Boston Law School is under way. Debaters are Phyllis Rawding, Emanuel Hoyen, Geraldine Kane, Rose Scott, and Clara Saunders.

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club members are busy rehearsing the play "Out of the Frying Pan," a modern comedy, which will be presented Friday, May 23rd. Members of the cast are: Shirley Feingold, Geraldine Guertin, Doris Skrivars, Rosamond Scott, Geraldine Wolcott, Frederick Gay, George Keville, Donald Wilson, Frank Weiner, William Brandli, Joseph Murray, and Joseph Philbin.

Many of us from S. T. C. attended "The School for Scandal" performances presented by the dramatic society of Holy Cross April 26-30 and were proud of the excellent contributions of our own W. S. T. C. Thespians: June Higgins, Eleanor Moranz, Anne-Marie Owens, and Barbara Wiseman.

French Club

On January 14, the French club, under the presidency of Mr. Leo Charbonneau, presented a recorded musical program. Selections were given from the opera "Carmen" by Bizet, and from "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saens. Miss M. Louise Sella was in charge of refreshments.

Miss Garvey of the Worcester Art Museum spoke on 19th century art at the February 10 meeting. Movies were also shown.

The sending of food and clothing packages to French orphans is still in practice. Miss Sophie Hart and Miss Mary O'Malley were in charge of the packages for the month of January.

Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett is faculty adviser of the group.

I.R.C.

The I. R. C. is holding a joint discussion group with the Debating Club as their guests at the next monthly meeting. Miss Marjorie Carroll, president of I. R. C., is in charge of arrangements. Mr. George Laird will give a short talk on the Russian conference and open forum will follow. After a time for discussion, the two clubs will bury the hatchet over a cup of coffee and cakes.

Kappa Delta Pi

Miss Doris Skrivars, president of Kappa Delta Pi, announces that the following members of the Junior class were initiated into K. D. P. on April 30th. Dorothy Dunn, Mary Londergan, and Clara M. Saunders.

Literary Club

The literary club, directed by Miss Barlow, and presided over by Miss Dorothy Smith, has been combining the literary with the social. Example—the movie, *Henry V*, shown at the Playhouse, was enjoyed by all who attended.

Book reports were given by James McKeon and Cornelius Sullivan at the last meeting.

Charles Dickens and his works have been the most recent topics discussed.

A trip to Concord is planned in the near future.

Newman Club

The Newman Club of S. T. C. climaxed this year's activities with three major events:

On Saturday evening, April 12, Newmanites of Clark, Tech, and S. T. C. held a joint Spring formal in Alden Memorial. Miss Jeanne Gagnon, one of the many possible choices, was crowned queen. The party was conducted in a very efficient and dignified manner and a splendid evening was spent by all.

On Tuesday evening, April 15th, the annual Newman Club Scholarship Lecture was held, and it was a great success. Miss Mary-Louise Hickey, solo-dramatist, presented the humorous Broadway play "I Remember Mama." Miss Hickey justified the high recommendations which preceded her coming.

The annual Communion breakfast, to be held on the first Sunday in May will bring to a close a very successful year of activities. Rev. John F. Reilly, chaplain of the club, will be present. The guest speaker will be Rev. Frederick A. Gallagher, S.J., the first chaplain to land on Guadalcanal. Miss Angela Perry is general chairman for the affair.

Geography Club

The Geography Club conducts regular meetings with panel discussions. Their most recent problems have been those of the Middle East, oil, Palestine, and the strategic political situation. But along with these deep subjects, interesting as they are to the members, they have their social life too. There was a Valentine Party at Dr. Shaw's home on Elm St., on February 10. Margaret Murray headed the program committee.

S.C.A. Visits

On March 9th the Student Christian Association visited the Gospel Tabernacle in Worcester as one of their Lenten activities. In carrying out their purpose of sharing in the Christian fellowship special music was contributed to the service by the Misses Jean Rupp, Mary Murphy, and Clara Saunders. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Leroy A. Webber.

Recent and future meetings scheduled are as follows:

March 19 — Discussion group, "Would a society based on the principles of Jesus be practical?"

April 2—Rev. Herman B. Spinney, speaker.

April 16 — Discussion group, "Should Christian convictions have a place in vocational choice?"

April 30—Rev. Leroy A. Webber, speaker.

This series of discussions was begun on February 18 with the subject, "How Should a College Student Pray?" Rev. Monroe J. Rupp was the culminating speaker on March 4.

Men Only

Roaming around the men's lounge, seeing all and hearing all, ye editor has started a "Benevolent Locker Fund," for a certain "Gismo," who uses the window pole and door as a clothes closet. The fund's staunchest supporter is "Dick" Boulay, and all contributions may be forwarded to him or "Frankie" Weiner. . . . "Jim" Looney finds the floor very comfortable if you don't step on him while entering the lounge. What's the matter, Jim, no sleep at night? Try counting baskets. . . . Engaged in superfluous study, George Laird has acquired the "chicken pox." . . . If unable to locate "Don" Wilson, inquire at St. Vincent's Hospital. . . . At a round-table discussion, "Bill" Brandli informed, and I have witnesses, that he started to lose his hair while hunting deer. . . . John Tower's idol is none other than "Dave" Roche. . . . An authority on Hindu-Moslem affairs, "Joe" Philbin is currently on the conclusion of his book, "A Full Blooded Irishman Inside India." . . . "Al" Barrios and "Conny" Sullivan are still undefeated in four-handed casino. . . . If you ever find yourself in a state discussion, argumentation, and controversy, I recommend "Chet" Waskiewicz as mediator and arbiter. . . . "Stan" Roy's philosophy is, "The more you sleep, the more tired you are. Get twins and you're sure to be awake in class." . . . "Jim" Mooney, giving up hope of having his former passengers paint his car, has finally parted with it. . . . Girls! Do you want someone to keep a secret? Do you want a shoulder to weep on? "Frankie" Weaver is just the man. . . . It would pay "Jim" Sullivan to keep his eyes open to see whom he's dancing with.